WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS.



"All Coons Look Alike to Me.

Pronunciation.

The stairs in the Liberty Statue. Of heaven's ascent one reminding. Curve around and around. As you rise

from the ground, And of course You'd describe them as winding. But those stairs in that Liberty Statue, With no platforms for rest interscinding, Are of such benstly length, They exhaust all your strength,

And 'tis then you describe them as winding.



PERPETUAL MOTION FOUND AT LAST.

## THE STORY OF THE LITTLE CHINAMAN. HIS QUEUE AND HIS SWEETHEART-IN FIVE ACTS.









REDUGING FUNERAL EXPENSES.

UNDERTAKER - That old Gotrocks is the

left word that he wanted his door plate trans-

And when she'd become one she came back to me;

And of course, while the subject was strongest

She "diagnosed" me-and I guess I'm a goner.

She said that "she feared I had endocarditis,

With ecchymosed hypo-nephritic retentions."

She said I had "auchylosed, neurosed gastritis,

She said "I inclined toward brain aberration,"

When cardiac murmurs disturbed circulation."

Then added, in time "she would be more explicit."

But I said, "Nit, old girl. This is quantum sufficit."

There were osseous abnormal sphenoidal dimen-

With traces of neuro-dichrotic cystitis;

Hepatic stagnation, acute meningitis,

Locomotor ataxia, lingering, but fatal."

Meningeal hemorrhage, clearly pre-natal,

ASSISTANT-What has he been doing? UNDERTAKER-Why, just before he died he

My wife went to college to be an M. D.,

meanest man I ever heard of.

ferred to the lld of his coffin.

upon her.

Bions,

A Good Resson. The scarred and grizzled veteran was recounting stories of his war days.

"Yes," he said, "that bullet would have entored my heart had it not been turned aside."

"Mother's bible?" queried a listener.

"Pack of cards?"

"Sweetheart's picture?"

"No, gentlemen, it was because the aim was bad and the bullet never came near me."

- 888 Circumstances Rule. MISS BELLE-No, Mr. Poorman, I cannot marry you. Why, you are at least ten years my senior!

The next night:

MISS BELLE-Old, Mr. Gotrox? No. What is twenty years between you and me? I will marry you gladly.

His Favorite, BROWRAY-What kind of balls are the best for speed on a bleyele?

WESTPAUL-Well I think that high balls make unine run the smoothest.

## TWO GOOD REASONS.



MINISTER-Don't your father and mother go BOY-They can't go ter-day, for mother sprained

his leg's broke. See?



No Doubt About It. DAUGHTER-Both Mr. Cheerible and Mr. Lovelorn have proposed, and I don't know which to marry.

MOTHER-Accept Mr. Cheerible, dear. He is the best natured man I ever saw.

DAUGHTER-What makes you think so, MOTHER-I've noticed that he laughs at als rival's jokes even.

A Unanimous Choice. WILSON-Do you regard the bicycle af a vehi-

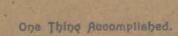
WHEELER-Certainly. WILSON-What! You do?

WHEELER-Of course. Did you ver see a cycler who wouldn't choose the broan and easy path in preference to the straight and farrow one?

Two of a " HE-I love you madiv SHE-But I am air HE-So am I







"We couldn't agree in the Sorosis debate to-day whether 'Trusts were Better than Competition,' or whether "Theosophy is a Religion or Philosophy," but we did come to a unanimous vote on one thing," said Mrs. Spouter with ecstacy to her cynical husband.

"And for heaven's sake, what was that?" "That the president's hat was simply a dream

In Danger.

SHERLOCK HOLMES-I had a narrow escape this morning. I was on the track of the most bloodthirsty murderer of modern times. But I

HAWKSHAW-How did that happen? SHERLOCK HOLMES-I Jumped off. 'It was the trolley car track.

Considerable. AMY-Does her piano playing amount to much? MAMIE-Oh, yes. She's at it for eighteen bours a day.

A Nightmare.

HUSBAND (in his sleep)-Wow-wow-wow-

WIFE (shaking him)-Horace, Horace, wake up, wake up! What's the matter?

HUSBAND (waking up)-Oh, such a dream as

I had!

WIFE-What was it, dear?

HUSBAND (wiping the cold perspiration from his forehead)-Dreamed I was riding along the

Boulevard on an old '96 model! WIFE-Heavens!

Poor Youngster.

"That artist's baby dled from trying to emulate

"How so?"

"He tried to mix paints on his palate."

Rivals.

FLORENCE-Everything is sold by samples

ANNIE-Ah? Is that why you allow so many chaps to kiss you every Summer?

## AT THE ELEGTROGUTION.



SHERIFF (to trembling prisoner)-Brace up! THE CONDEMNED (Indignantly)-I'm not, but -ugh!-hurry and get it over. That chair looks so jufernally like a dentist's.







